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A MONTHLY  
MUSICAL JOURNAL

No. 181.]

JANUARY 1, 1898.

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# THE LUTE.

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JANUARY 1, 1898.

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## MADAME CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES.

THE engaging original of our portrait for this month, the Founder and Conductor of the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, was born in a country where musical talent is so common that only those possessing very exceptional gifts can hope for eminence. This, however, Madame Clara Novello Davies has long since achieved, though she is still quite a young woman. A native of Cardiff, dark-eyed, vivacious, and of fascinating manners, she combines all the charm of Southern Europe with the best qualities of Great Britain.

Her maternal grandfather was a noted Calvinistic Methodist Divine—he died at the age of 93—and her father, Mr. Jacob Davies, conducted, at the age of twelve, a choir of 200 voices. At the early age of four years Madame Davies appeared in public as the alto singer in a competitive quartet. This quartet won the prize. When only twelve Madame Davies took the place of an accompanist, who was suddenly indisposed, at a Cardiff concert. This was an era in her life, for since that time her name was, and is, a household word in Wales. At fifteen Madame Davies gave lessons in singing and piano playing, and for many years her pupils were amazingly successful at the various *Eisteddfodau* held in different districts of the Principality. Recently, at Carnarvon, the pupils trained by her took ten prizes out of a possible 13. In 1885, Madame Davies founded the first Ladies' Choir in Wales. It consisted of 100 voices, and with it she gave many concerts in Wales, the Provinces, and London. The story of the triumph achieved at the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 must be given in the *ipsissima verba* of Madame Davies, for which we are indebted to the *Strand Musical Magazine*.

"I hardly cared for such a tremendous undertaking and responsibility as taking 40 girls such a long way, many of whom had never been more than a short distance away from home in their lives; but I was urged and persuaded at last to promise to go. But where was the money to come from? The smallest possible sum we could think of starting with was £1,000. My father and husband, who

both escorted us, helped, and Mr. Lascelles Carr, proprietor of the *Western Mail*, contributed most handsomely. I must say that it was chiefly through the generosity of the English in Wales that we got to Chicago. Dr. John Williams, of Dowlais, formed one of our party, the rest were my father, husband, myself, Miss Winifred Evans—my talented accompanist and great friend, and 40 girls. We sailed in the *Paris*. Some of the girls were very ill, but as we had had no time for preparation before starting, we were compelled to rehearse every day. You would have laughed if you had seen this," said Madame Davies. "I had for the first part of our voyage to go and sit by the girls' berths and sing their parts to them over and over again, but after a few days we were able to practise all together, and even to give a concert, and everybody was so much interested in us that £10 was collected among the passengers and handed to us towards our expenses.

"The pieces selected for competition were Schumann's 'God is my Guide,' and Lassen's 'Spanish Gipsy,' for not more than fifty voices and not less than forty. The first prize was £60, the second £30, with gold medals for the conductors.

"We arrived at Chicago on Monday night, without our luggage—which was to follow. I shall never forget the anxieties of that night; our return tickets we had, and they had made a considerable hole in our £1,000, while the expenses of a party of forty-five in Chicago during Exhibition-time—over £20 a day—made us quake.

"If we won, well and good, for so many concert engagements would follow that we should be all right; but if we lost, how could we pay our expenses, and how to return home defeated, and burdened with a debt of £1,000! I did not dare to pursue the subject further, for I had to be up at six next morning to practise a recitative with a member of the choir who was going in for a contralto solo competition which was to take place at 8.30. Fatigued and in our travelling dresses—for the luggage had not arrived—we despondently betook ourselves to the Exhibition, and our contralto won the prize. We felt cheered then. By Wednesday evening we had taken four solo prizes. Then came the tug of war—the Choir Competition. The best of five excellent choirs, whose names had been sent in, was chosen to appear against us—this was the 'Wilkesbarre Choir,' which the adjudicators said 'only perfection could beat.'

"I cannot remember how we got on the platform, I felt so ill, and could not see anything; but the theme of our first piece, 'God is my Guide,' seemed to inspire me. After the first bar I felt all my courage return, and I felt so proud of my girls: they were all in white, and looked so sweet, for you know they have all of them lovely complexions. Then came a difficult task—the devotional, solemn, yet exultant feeling of the first piece had to be changed for the joyous abandon and the rhythmical caprices of the 'Spanish Gipsy.' It was like going straight from church to take part in some wild frolic. I feared that my girls with their overstrung nerves would not be able to respond to so rapid a transition, and therefore might fail to interpret the lighter music faithfully.

"They sang it, however, beautifully. When our friends told us how splendidly the rival choir had sung, I abandoned all hope of winning, although I felt that we also had done well.

"We sat in front among the audience to await the decision of the judges; and amid tumultuous applause and enthusiasm the prize was awarded to us.

"The girls lifted me up, kissed my hands, face, and dress, and I think we all cried. Indeed, I scarcely know what happened.

"One dear old Welshman in the audience was moved to tears, and said solemnly, 'Only one choir could beat

you,' and, pointing up, 'and that must come from heaven.'

"By Thursday evening we had won six prizes, in fact, every one that we had competed for, and we felt very proud of our record."

The above graphic statement cannot fail to appeal to every artistic nature. The reader is borne along irresistibly. He seems to have been one of the party. The following year the choir was commanded to sing before Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne. A tremendous impression was created among the assembled Royalties and distinguished personages. Her Majesty, while shaking Madame Davies by the hand, observed that she "believed this choir of Welsh maidens to be the best choral singers in the whole world." In July, 1890, the choir appeared for the first time in London. This was at St. James's Hall, when Roedel's Cantata "Westward Ho" was performed at a concert in aid of the sufferers by the Morfa Colliery Explosion. Madame Davies has many testimonials and presents—for instance, a diamond brooch from the Queen, and an ivory and gold *bâton* given her at Boston, U.S.A.—but she loves nothing more than her dear little son, her husband, and the esteem and affection of her choir. The accompanying portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, London, W.

#### CURRENT NOTES.

MR. J. VINCENT, Handsworth, Birmingham; has formed a quartet party under the style and title of "The Lute Glee Singers." The members are all professional vocalists, already well-known in Birmingham and elsewhere. This compact little organisation already comprises in its repertoire several of the glees which have appeared in this paper, and we are sure that they will receive every justice. "The Lute Glee Singers" have our cordial support and goodwill; we shall at all times be pleased to hear of their success.

ON December 2, M. Lamoureux left London for Madrid, where he conducted two concerts on Sundays, December 11 and 18. The last concert of his London season was given at Queen's Hall on December 1, when the sympathetic and exquisitely modulated efforts of the band showed that M. Lamoureux's methods had proved as successful with English players as with his original Frenchmen. In our opinion, an English band which—as in the case of the fine combination brought together by Mr. Henry Wood at Queen's Hall—has continuous opportunities of associated rehearsals and performances, can hold its own with, if not surpass in excellence, any continental orchestra which may be pitted against it. The experiment of M. Lamoureux with English has gone far to support this position.

THE event of the last Lamoureux Concert (on December 1) was the first production in England of a Symphony in F by M. Boëllmann. This is, doubtless, an extremely clever work, which we should much like to hear a second time when the talented conductor returns in the Spring. Meanwhile, it is impossible to avoid being struck by the extraordinarily brilliant character of the instrumentation, and by the daring conception of the work as a whole. Though the name Boëllmann has a German ring, this music is essentially an example of the most modern French school, and as such it cannot fail to be of the highest interest to the large body of English amateurs who desire to be abreast of the "movement." At present German composition is in a stagnant, not to say reactionary state. To France and to Russia we look with a confidence that has not been hitherto misplaced, for daring innovations, new departures—in fact, for progressive music.

THERE is a wonderful cordiality subsisting just now between the French and Russian nations; between the people themselves, even more than between the governing classes. Can it be that this sympathy is based upon some occult quality common to these two widely opposed nationalities which makes them both pioneers of musical discovery, and draws them together with electrical affinity?

WE do not often go to theatres, but it would be ungrateful to refrain from paying a well-deserved tribute to the music (by Mr. Walter Slaughter) to "The French Maid," now running at Terry's Theatre. We are not as a rule particularly easy to please, but from first to last the charming and ingenious strains supplied by the composer seem to us as near perfection as possible in this class of piece. They are in every respect worthy of Captain Basil Hood's witty and polished lines. The latter are often so brilliant and always so sound as to make one wonder whether the librettist has any blood relationship with the great Tom Hood. The music and words of the operetta are published by Messrs. Ascherberg & Co., Berners Street, London, and gentlemen (and others) who design to shine in comic opera would do well to study the score and endeavour to emulate its neatness and refinement.

ON Saturday afternoon, December 4, the Albert Hall was well-nigh full on the occasion of a concert at which Mme. Patti was the "star." The *prima donna* gave a time-worn selection, which included such old favourites as "Bel Raggio," "Voi che Sapete," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." The Diva also introduced a new song called "Home, Sweet Home," by a man called Bishop. It has, we never been sung in public before. Mr. Ham Henley, a young violinist of the



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utmost promise, created so much enthusiasm among the audience that he proved a formidable rival to Mme. Patti, and it is perhaps safe to predict that he will not again be heard in her company. When one comes to think of it, it was really monstrous that the people should have insisted on recalling a mere violinist four or five times at a Patti concert. It was surely *contra bonos mores*, if not repugnant to Holy Scripture.

THERE is a very good article in *The Musical Standard*, dated December 11, which deals with the quasi fashionable favour with which the works of Mozart are just now regarded. The writer's opinions are entirely our own; alluding to a recent utterance by Edward Grieg, he says, with considerable force:—

"In Beethoven and Wagner the best influence of Mozart is present, and, instead of going back to the Salzburg composer, we should learn to appreciate the music of Beethoven and Wagner, for these giants are but little understood. The idea is that Beethoven was always rough, uncouth, divinely wild, and yet much of his music is as delicately finished as Mozart's with a finer and bolder outline, and more cunning contrasts of colour. . . . Then, the ordinary idea of Wagner is that he ever dwells in an atmosphere of passion, and the commonplace conductor absolutely rants when he conducts Wagner."

AND yet what—as the writer proceeds—in Mozart is more beautiful in delicacy of design than the "Meistersinger" overture? What, we may add, can be a more sublimated essence of Mozart than the *finale* of the second act of that opera? It is, however, not an unmixed evil that attention should at the present time be called to the soundness and limpidity of Mozart. When that master has been properly appreciated we may bid farewell for ever to the rotten drawing-room songs which flood the market. But alas, the affectation of Mozart-worship is as untrustworthy as the Parisian craze over Berlioz; the hysterical votaries of either cult will still welcome the ignorant effusions of pretentious and entirely opposite impostors.

AN American paper analyses the effect produced by a discharge of bagpipes in the following proportions:—

Big flies on window	..	..	72
Cats on tiles	..	..	11½
Voices of puppies	..	..	6
Grunting of hungry pigs	..	..	5½
Steam whistles	..	..	3
Chant of the cricket	..	..	2
			100

THE revival of "La Grande Duchesse" at the Savoy Theatre was, in a sense, timely, inasmuch as the buoyant strains of Offenbach formed a new revelation to a younger generation which had been nourished on very inferior fare where *opéra bouffe* was concerned. Such

airs as "Ah! que j'aime les militaires!" "Voici le sabre," and "Pif, paf, pouf," cannot but appeal strongly to the frequenters of "Circus Girls," "Gaiety Girls," "Geishas," and such like epicene productions. But, to be strictly honest, the representation at the Savoy does not entirely do justice to the original intention either of Offenbach or of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. On the opening night Mr. Gilbert—who once ordered a gentleman out of the theatre because he had written a note to one of his chorus—graced the audience, and the associations, much more the actual presence, of such a *genius loci*, seemed to frown upon the freedom of Offenbach!

To those who remember Schneider as the Grand Duchess, the performance of Miss Florence St. John will seem tame. This delightful actress, though always charming and artistic, has not in recent years acquired any great accession of declamatory power. On the contrary her voice is at times barely audible, and the *gaminerie* which she has before now exhibited with such taste and propriety, seems to be at present attenuated to a vanishing point. The dry bones of "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein" are there, but no individual among the performers seems capable of re-endowing them with vitality. The production is fine, and the dresses and scenery are superb, but the traditional modesty of the Savoy Theatre, we will not say the trail of the serpent, is over it all.

FOR the English words of this revival that clever actor Mr. Charles Brookfield is responsible. He has not inserted as many jokes into this, his public manifestation, as he ordinarily supplies in his private conversation. The lyrics have been re-written by Mr. Adrian Ross, who substitutes "broadsword" for the "sabre" (of the Duchess's Sire), and translates "Ah! que j'aime les militaires," into "Oh, yes! I'm simply mad about 'em"—whereas nothing could have been better, simpler, neater, or more suitable to the music than the late Charles Lamb Kenney's "Oh! I dote on the military, dote on the military, &c., &c. In many other respects Mr. Ross has acquitted himself with credit, and his version of "Oh, mon aieul, comme il buvait!" is very praiseworthy when the limitations of this detestable and thankless class of journey-work are taken into consideration. The fact is roughly that half the visitors to a comic opera are indifferent to grammar and rhyme, and the other half cannot hear the words. Librettists have thus a most ungrateful task, for when they turn out clever lines they get little thanks, whereas any slips or errors into which they may be betrayed are eagerly pounced upon by Critics hungry for spicy "copy."

TOUCHING the word "broadsword" in the Savoy version of "La Grande Duchesse," I



really do not see what objection can reasonably be taken to the English word "sabre" as naturalised by our cavalry regiments, and pronounced "saber" in two syllables, just as "calibre" is pronounced "caleeber" in three. Mr. D'Oyly Carte, I believe, offers a prize for an English translation of the French, "Voici le sabre, le sabre, le sabre, Voici le sabre, le sabre de mon père." Very well then: "Here is the sabre, the sabre, the sabre, Here is the sabre, the sabre of my sire"—an absolutely literal rendering, and one which actually reproduces word for word the accents of the original.

\* \* \*

THE talented conductor at the Alhambra, M. Jacobi, has been seriously ill, but as we go to press he is fast approaching complete recovery. His new ballet, "My Boys," is nearly ready for production.

\* \* \*

MISS ROSS-SELWICK has been engaged by M. François Thomé to create the principal part in the forthcoming Paris production of his new musical play without words.

\* \* \*

"GAUNTLET," in *The Weekly Sun*, dated December 26, quotes a letter from the German Philosopher, Schopenhauer, in which he says: "Dites à votre ami Wagner qu'il devrait renoncer à la musique. Sa véritable aptitude, c'est la poésie! Quant à moi, je demeure fidèle à Rossini et à Mozart." Dear me! This is yet another instance of the nonsense which is habitually written on musical subjects by even the greatest of unmusical men. Because this thinker—as a rule so lucid—"remained faithful to Rossini and Mozart," Wagner was, forsooth, to be enjoined to "renounce music"! This is much as if Schubert, who knew little and troubled himself less about Philosophy, had presumed to criticise Hegel or Kant because he (Schubert) personally preferred St. Paul.

\* \* \*

To the unmusical music would apparently seem to be a ridiculously simple affair, not indeed worth the trouble of ascertaining its most salient attributes. While we have observed an extreme modesty and reserve to obtain without exception among musicians when purely literary matters were under discussion, we have hardly ever met a literary man or woman who would not give one a *dictum* about music. And the less the speaker knows, the more dogmatic he becomes. Directly the subject of music is introduced in an ordinary novel, you may confidently look to see the author floundering in pretentious futility.

\* \* \*

AN excellent concert was given at St. James's Hall, on December 9, by Miss Katie Goodson (piano) and M. Marix Loevensohn (violin-cello). The programme was intelligently

selected from the best (principally modern) sources, and the execution was of a high order. The 'cello solo "Song of the Wave" by Mr. Arthur Hinton was performed for the first time, and was alike creditable to M. Loevensohn's rendering and his selection.

\* \* \*

THE last Philharmonic Concert before the Christmas Holidays was given at Queen's Hall on December 2, when Herr Humperdinck conducted the overture and Introduction to Act III. of his "Königskinder," and two of his songs which were admirably interpreted by Madame Marchesi. Herr Humperdinck's appearance on this occasion, whether as conductor or composer, was not calculated to enhance the prestige which "Hansel und Gretel" had already brought him. To tell the truth, he cut but a sorry figure when directing the orchestra, and his song, "Sonntagsruhe," was of that elementary and boringly canting kind of which the Germans seem to hold the monopoly. "Sonntagsruhe" might have been plucked bodily from "Der Evangelimann," so tiresome, so obvious, and, at the same time, so Teutonically pretentious it was. Herr David Popper obliged with some violoncello solos, viz., a Concerto by Volkmann, a Minuet of his own, and Schumann's "Träumerei." The Concerto and Minuet were not worth playing, and Herr Popper's rendering of the little extract from Schumann's "Kinderszenen" seemed feeble to a degree after hearing M. Hollman in this dainty *morceau*. Mr. Frederic Lamond played, divinely, Tschai-kowsky's pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor (Op. 23). This is perhaps the most inspired and melodious work of its class ever composed. On this occasion, the programme (which was far too long as usual) concluded with the first Concert performance of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's breezy overture to "The Little Minister." This item was, however, well worth waiting for, and served to send the audience away in a good temper. Like all Mackenzie's work, this overture is polished and complete to the nicest degree. Charming tune, it is yet an intellectual treat; and that such music as this should ever be neglected in favour of turgid Germans, who have not half Sir Alexander's knowledge, ingenuity, or inspiration, seems to us the most damning evidence that we are *not* a musical nation.

\* \* \*

TAKING a very cursory glance at the musical events of the past year we cannot remember any of epoch-making importance. Orchestral concerts were rife and well attended—in itself a satisfactory sign of the progress in musical appreciation made by the Public. The grand opera season at Covent Garden calls for no particular remark. Among the novelties of the year were the productions of "Der Evangelimann," which met with well-merited

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failure, of "La Bohème," by Puccini, and of "Diarmid," by Mr. Hamish McCunn. The last two operas were produced by the Carl Rosa Company, and both were musically interesting. Altogether the year just over has been the reverse of noteworthy as regards music, which, like everything else, seems to have suffered from the blighting influence of the Diamond Jubilee.\*

\* \* \*

AT Grosvenor House, under the patronage of H.R.H. The Princess Christian, a concert was given on December 16 in aid of "Australian and South African Charities." Madame Albani, who is about to start on a tour through Australia and South Africa, was, naturally, the star of the afternoon. The concert was largely attended by members of the fashionable world, and any lack of enthusiasm must not be set down to want of appreciation. "Society" never applauds like the Drury Lane Gallery on Boxing Night, for instance. Mile. Janotha officiated as pianist, and M. Johannes Wolff as violinist. The only vocalist besides Mme. Albani was Mile. Giulia Ravogli, though Signor Foli was announced, but did not arrive. It is one of the charms of a "charity" or "benefit" concert that artists who have merely promised to assist do not always think it necessary to lend more than the moral support of their names on the programme which, in this case, was printed in letters of gold. The last is but a general remark, and has no personal reference whatever to Signor Foli, who, we feel confident, was most reluctantly compelled to disappoint those who had looked forward to hearing him.

\* \* \*

THE same afternoon the Students of the Royal Academy gave an Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall, when the *pièce de résistance* was Stanford's *Requiem* (written in memory of the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A.). This fine work, which we regard as the grandest achievement of the composer, was splendidly rendered under the *bâton* of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. The soloists were as follows:—Misses Gertrude Drinkwater and Ethel Wood (*soprani*); Mrs. J. Franks and Miss J. Spicer (*contralti*); Messrs. William R. Maxwell and Whitworth Mitton (*tenore*); and Messrs. Frederick Ranalow and Ford Waltham (*bassi*).

## MORALS FOR MUSICIANS.

### NO. II. A REBELLIOUS COMPOSER.

"Would you mind altering this note?" enquired a Vocalist of a Composer; "You see I cannot get a good effect unless I sing E, and you have written D."

\* Those, if any, of our readers who were deceived by the fulsome and insincere gush of the Daily Press over the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund are referred to our Mr. Rappee's remarks in "Stray Notes."

"But," objected the Composer, "if you sing E it will not be in the chord of the accompaniment."

"Never mind the accompaniment," said the Vocalist, "you can alter it."

"Of course I can," replied the Composer. "And I can rewrite the whole song, or tear it up, for that matter. But the question is whether the symmetry of the composition depends upon that D, or not."

"I'll chance that," said the Vocalist with conviction.

"You will chance it?"

"Yes, old man, I'll chance it!"

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Well, I won't."

### MORAL.

This fable shows what a despicable and pig-headed ruffian, scarcely deserving the name of man, this very particular Composer must have been.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

"THE Editor of THE LUTE, a clever and bright monthly journal of musical news . . . manages to impart a lightness and a brightness to his musical notes which make his paper one that even those of not specially musical inclinations can read, understand, and thoroughly enjoy."—*The Pelican*, December 11, 1897.

## DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c.

\* \* \* Correspondents are implored to write distinctly, especially proper names, and on one side of the paper only.

STREATHAM CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—On the conclusion of the winter term of the Streatham Conservatoire of Music, Mrs. Dickinson, A.R.A.M., who is one of the most accomplished members of the staff of teachers, gave a highly interesting concert in the large room of the Conservatoire, assisted by her pupils. The programme was well chosen, consisting as it did of some of the best examples of the recognised masters. Amongst Mrs. Dickinson's pupils the following call for especial mention, the Misses Marquis played with great spirit Rubinstein's Duo, "Tarantelle"; Miss May Taylor showed considerable promise in her performance of "Three Eighteenth Century Studies," by Somervell; Miss Mionie Vaughan played with expression "Air de Ballet" (Percy Pitt), also a Serenade by Albeniz; Miss Ivy Vaughan gave a splendid rendering of the Andante and Rondo, from Beethoven's "Sonata Pastorale." This young lady will ultimately be a very fine player. Miss Constance Smith played with much delicacy two of Grieg's characteristic compositions; Miss Marquis, in the well-known Polonaise in C sharp minor (Chopin), displayed a perfect command of the keyboard



with not a little expression; her subsequent performance of "Polka de la Reine" (Raff), merited all the applause that greeted her efforts. Among Mrs. Dickinson's pupils, Miss Cumberland seemed to possess great popularity, and well she deserved it; her playing of "Folk Song" (Grieg) and Chopin's Prelude in A flat was of a very high order, combining a beautiful touch with great taste. The pianoforte performances were diversified with two beautifully executed violin solos by Miss Stella Clements. Mrs. Dickinson is to be heartily complimented on the very high standard of merit shown by her pupils, their efforts affording a delightful evening's music. The Conservatoire now numbers considerably over 100 students. A large number of new pupils have entered for the new term, which commences 24 January, 1898.

\* \* \*

MANCHESTER.—The Salford Corporation have arranged a series of weekly organ recitals, at the Royal Technical Institute, Salford, and have engaged amongst others, Mr. T. Sharples, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., L.R.A.M., Mr. G. Archer Hill, F.R.C.O., and Mr. Joseph Lane, A.R.C.O., pupils of Mr. R. Froude Coules, of Worsley, to play during the present season. Mr. Sharples and Mr. Hill gave organ recitals at the Crystal Palace at the ages of fifteen and sixteen respectively, and are the youngest organists who have been engaged to play at Sydenham. Mr. Sharples commenced his musical education under Mr. R. Froude Coules at the age of ten, and gained the A.R.C.O. diploma at fourteen, and the F.R.C.O. diploma six months afterwards. He also took the Mus. Bac. degree, and the L.R.A.M. diploma for pianoforte playing at seventeen. He is the youngest by some years who has taken the diplomas of the Royal College of Organists, and the youngest who has ever taken the degree of Bachelor of Music at an English University.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*From the Office of "The Organist and Choirmaster,"* 139, Oxford Street, London, W.—An Evening Service, consisting of Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in B flat, by Mr. Philip C. Macdonald (organist of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden), is in every respect a valuable work. It is sufficiently simple to be well within the reach of any capable choir, and so dexterously and skilfully is it arranged, that the service will possibly sound even more elaborate than it is. The hand of the sound musician is apparent throughout; the work is solemn and devotional, albeit very melodious. Where possible, the words of the Magnificat, beginning "He remembering His mercy" down to "and his seed for ever," should certainly, as the composer suggests, be sung (*p.p.*) after the treble

or alto solo by a quartet and not by the choir. A similar opening for a good quartet occurs in the Nunc Dimittis at the words "To be a light," after which the *forte* chorus, "Glory be to the Father," will come with greater contrast. Organists in search of a good and effective Evening Service could not do better than procure Mr. Philip Macdonald's pleasing and satisfactory composition.

*From Joseph Williams, 32, Great Portland Street, London, W.*—We have received a parcel of delightful music, which, while it has no special reference to the "festive season," is of the character to be never out of date. "Garden Melodies," by Florian Pascal, is a little album of six piano pieces (*rs.*) within the range of most amateurs. No. 1 is simplicity itself, extremely fanciful, and beautiful provided the right notes are played. No. 2 is a dainty morsel in waltz time, and all are instinct with the charm of Mr. Pascal's originality. Unfortunately (?) for him his music requires to be played with extreme care. It is accurately written and demands to be accurately played. To those who, having captured the first bass note in a bar, imagine that they have done enough, Mr. Pascal's music will not appeal. But those who will take a little pains will secure an intellectual treat. By the same composer, to words by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, is "The Pearl of Bandon Town." This nice song has a perceptible Irish character, and the "melos" between the verses suggests the bells of a church. The words are very neat and happy, and the music once heard will linger in the ear. "Pretty Peg of Pegwell Bay" is a song written by F. C. Burnand and composed by Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie. The poem is of the humorous variety and the music is perhaps scarcely light enough. "Two Castles" and "A Fairy Song," both by Mr. F. H. Cowen, are favourable samples of that composer's powers in the direction of ballad-writing. The first-named has especial merit. "Memories" and "If there be a Charming Lawn" are two songs by the late Mr. A. Goring Thomas. Both reflect his masterly manner, and, properly sung, would be most effective. "Garden Voices," a song by Miss A. E. Horrocks, is distinctly clever, but the accompaniment is so difficult that comparatively few amateurs will care to tackle it at sight. "Three Bavarian Dances," by Edward Elgar, is the title of a pianoforte arrangement of Nos. 1, 3, and 6 from this composer's choral Suite "From the Bavarian Highlands." The dances will be welcomed by pianists, embodying as they do a considerable amount of "go" and local colour. "Aubade" and "The Golden Hour" are two delightful songs by the gifted Mlle. Chaminade. "The Golden Hour" is quite beautiful. "Gipsy Song" by Erik Meyer-Helmund is, as its name implies, in a sombre key. The English adaptation of the original German words has not been well done. "Like a Red Rose"

(Robert Burns) set to music by Stewart Macpherson is a plain, straightforward, and rather Scottish treatment of a well-known theme. We like it much.

From Patey and Willis, 44, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.—“Sleep on,” by C. Mawson-Marks, is a melodious and captivating song. “A Message of Peace” is a dramatic setting by F. Lewis Thomas of a poem by Edward Oxenford. There is an *ad lib.* accompaniment for organ or harmonium, and the quasi-religious atmosphere of the words is admirably and impressively reproduced in the music. “Sigh no more, Ladies!” to Shakespeare’s well-known words, is a very pleasing song by Mr. H. Drury Baker. The composer shows nice taste in the change at the last verse from the minor to the major, at the words “Then sigh not so, but let them go!” (Unfortunately that is precisely what ladies seem most reluctant to do.) The music of this song shows careful thought and is extremely melodious. The composer is to be congratulated on having selected classical words for his by no means unclassical treatment, and, although this ballad has been set several times before, it has not often been dealt with in the same appreciative spirit. Even better than the above is “A Russian Love Song,” written and composed by Mr. H. Drury Baker. In the latter the musician is more conspicuous than the poet. We confess a sincere admiration for the music of this ditty which faithfully reproduces the atmosphere of a Russian Love Song. Both the above songs should prove most effective if capably sung by a tenor, in the first case, and a baritone or low mezzo-soprano, in the second. The “Russian Love Song” ought to become very popular. It possesses that persistent charm which causes it, as the saying is, to “run in one’s head.”

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Alicia Adèle Needham’s New Album of twelve Hush Songs. T.R.H. the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York have also been pleased to accept copies.

#### STRAY NOTES.

At many pantomimes, both in London and the Provinces, and at Circuses and Music Halls throughout Europe all the year round, it is the custom to introduce “performing” animals, *e.g.*, horses, dogs, cats, monkeys, pigs, bears, elephants, &c. To all but the cruellest or most thoughtless these exhibitions must prove very painful. I know it is possible to teach dogs certain simple tricks without resorting to brutality, but it is *not* possible so to teach them or any other animal the elaborate tricks which are shown on the stage and in the arena. In the case of monkeys, horses, and especially cats, I deny that the phrase “It is

all done by kindness” has any other than an ironical significance, and they who howl against vivisection might well spare a portion of their sympathy for the poor animals who undergo a continuous training of torture. If everybody who felt as I do would act as I do when so-called “performing” animals are introduced, and leave the circus, theatre, or hall, the horrible trade would soon perish for lack of support. It is, no doubt, “very pretty” to see the dumb creature, with its pathetic gaze fixed on its master, go through its allotted task, but each successful trick has for me a tragic significance that engenders indignation. When I last saw the smug “professor” bowing complacently to the audience after an exhibition which represented nothing short of fiendish callousness on his part, and a long course of dumb agony on the part of the poor animals, I longed and still long to give him not applause, but six months’ hard labour and a liberal application of the “cat.”

\* \* \*

A BRIGHT little performance is the Cinderella pantomime at the Parkhurst Theatre. Miss Muriel Richards has a full part as Cinderella, which she carries out with considerable success. She sings two songs very prettily. The Dandini of Miss Maude Jennings is decidedly clever as a study of a saucy valet, her plantation song being a great hit. Mr. L. Kitts is the wit of the play in his character of Capers, a servant of the Baron. He sings two new patriotic songs, which evoke hearty applause. Prince Brilliant is well represented by Miss Winnie Richards. Some very pretty skirt dancing is given by the Vaudeville quartette, and the country and May-pole dances are also worthy of mention. The scenery is effective and well managed, especially considering the limited space, but the attempt at running water seemed a trifle over ambitious on the first night. On that occasion the audience was in a generous, not to say facetious, frame of mind, for when Mr. Paul Mill, who made so excellent a Baron, posed as a penny-whistle-player, coppers were showered on the stage. Mr. Percy Nash and Mr. Frederick Fowler were splendid as the ugly sisters, and caused much amusement. The orchestra seems a little loud for the size of the house. With a pretty transformation scene, entitled “The Elements,” and an amusing harlequinade with Mr. Tom Manardo as clown and Miss Ethel Jones as columbine (the scene being a street in Holloway), the performance ended. The libretto by Stanley Rogers and music by Thomas P. Fish are good; and Mr. Percy Nash may, I think, be complimented on an excellent production well worthy a visit.

\* \* \*

As a first fruit of the recent Jubilee Hospital Boom, I receive a circular from University College Hospital, praying for my attendance to

support the chairman at a dinner in aid of its funds, and "sincerely trusting" that I will forward a donation or subscription. Of course I shall do nothing of the kind, for I would as soon think of supporting an amateur Poor-house or Union as of supporting an amateur Hospital. The only cases which ought to be gratuitously dealt with at Hospitals are those for which statutable provision is made under the Poor Laws, *i.e.*, at the Workhouse Infirmary. As matters are conducted at present, about 75 per cent. of the persons who obtain relief at Hospitals are those who can afford to pay something, but take precious good care not to pay anything. In a sense, they are quite right. So long as well-intentioned, if ill-informed, charitable individuals choose to run private institutions, and so save the money of rate-payers, let them do it. But for my part, I would as lief give money into "General" Booth's hand—which God forbid!—as pay it to a Hospital, unless I were treated therein. In which case I should pay cheerfully, and no doubt rather more than necessary, just as I would, and do, ordinarily overpay a cabman or anyone who has done me a service.

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MEANWHILE the appeal from University College Hospital is headed: "50 Beds closed for want of funds!" So much for the "Freeing of the London Hospitals." But the announcement has a somewhat strong flavour, coming as it does immediately on the top of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales's recent presidency at his Hospital Fund's Committee. Of course the income at the disposal of the Committee is quite inadequate to keep the Hospitals going, and even if it were adequate for the moment, which it is not, fresh Hospitals will continually come into existence and be in a position to advertise the fact of their insolvency. Insolvency, by the way, seems to be a recommendation where charitable Institutions are concerned! Hospitals should, of course, be administered by the State, like Workhouses and Prisons. There could, as now, be facilities in them for "paying guests." But, as I said before, the large majority of those using the Hospitals gratuitously are persons who can afford to pay, and do not pay. And this is not the kind of system which should be supported by a "Nation of Shopkeepers."

RAPPEE.

### THE LUTE "MISSING WORD" COMPETITION.

THE would-be solvers of the December puzzle were almost exactly three times more numerous than usual. We regret to say that no one of them was successful. All sorts of words were sent in, the favourites being "badly" and "indifferently," both of which were sent up in a way calculated to cause fatigue to the writer

whose business it was to sort them. Answers were received from nearly every place in Great Britain, from Piccadilly to Pollockshields. But only two guessers came near the mark, and they guessed "properly." This was not the word which had been selected, but it was so nearly like it in significance that a consolation prize of 2s. 6d. each has been forwarded to

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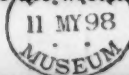
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*Andante con moto maestoso. mf*

\*TENORS & BASSES. The Spi - rit of God,

ORGAN. *mf* Gl 8 ft *sempre legato.*

*Ped 16 & 8 ft*

moved up - on the face of the wa - ters, and

*Poco agitato e declamando. ff*

God said, Let there be Light.

\* May be sung as a Baritone Solo.  
P. & W. 2180 Copyright for U. S. A. the property of A. P. Schmidt Boston.

## LUTE 181.

*Lento maestoso.*  
**fff**

And there was Light.  
*lunga*

*Lento maestoso.*  
**fff**

And there was Light.  
*lunga*

*Lento maestoso.*  
**fff**

And there was Light.  
*lunga*

*Lento maestoso.*  
**fff**

And there was Light.  
*lunga*

**G! Trumpet.** **Sw. Oboe.**

*Lento maestoso.*  
**fff**

*lunga*

**f** **p**

**Ch: 8 & 4f! coup: to Sw. Oboe.**

*Andante con espress.*  
**mp** *sempre legato*

*Andante con espress.*  
**mp**

Send out Thy Light and Thy  
**mp**

Send out Thy Light and Thy  
**mp**

Send out Thy Light and Thy  
**mp**

Send out Thy Light and Thy  
**mp**

*poco dim.* **mp**

truth that they may lead me, And bring me, to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy

truth that they may lead me, And bring me, to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy

truth that they may lead me, And bring me, to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy

truth that they may lead me, And bring me, to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy

*poco cres.*  
dwelling, Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me

*poco cres.*  
dwelling, Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me

*poco cres.*  
dwelling, Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me

*poco cres.*  
dwelling, Send out Thy Light that they may lead me

*mf* And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwelling. *p* Lead me, O

*mf* And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwelling. *p* Lead me, O

*mf* And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwelling. *p* Lead me, O

*mf* And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwelling. *p* Lead me, O

First system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Lord, — Lead me, O Lord, — Lead me, O lead — me". The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo).

Second system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "in Thy righteous \_ ness. Lead me, O Lord, — Lead me, O". The piano part continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *cres.* (crescendo).

Third system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Lord, — Lead me O Lord, — O lead me in Thy righteous \_ ness". The piano part continues the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo).



*mf* *dim e poco rall.*

in Thy righteous - ness in Thy right - eous - ness.

*mf*

in Thy righteous - ness in Thy right - eous - ness.

*mf*

in Thy righteous - ness in Thy right - eous - ness.

*mf*

in Thy righteous - ness in Thy right - eous - ness.

*mf*

in Thy righteous - ness in Thy right - eous - ness.

*mp* *Tempo.*

Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho - ly

*mp*

Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho - ly

*mp*

Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho - ly

*mp*

Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho - ly

*mp* *Tempo.*

*poco cres.*

Hill and to Thy dwell - ing. Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may

*poco cres.*

Hill and to Thy dwell - ing. Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may

*poco cres.*

Hill and to Thy dwell - ing. Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may

*poco cres.*

Hill and to Thy dwell - ing. Send out Thy Light that they may

*poco cres.*



*mf*

lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwell-ing.

*mf*

lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwell-ing.

*mf*

lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwell-ing.

*mf*

lead me, And bring me to Thy Ho-ly Hill and to Thy dwell-ing.

*poco accel.*

\* BASS.

*Quasi recit.*

*mf*

The sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon with-draw itself, for the Lord shall

*G! 8!*

*Quasi recit.*

*mf*

*mp*

be thine e-ver-last-ing Light; and the days of the mour-ning, the

*mp*

\* or Baritone Solo

P. &amp; W. 2180

days of the morn - ing, shall be end. *p* *poco rall. e dim.*

*Sw. 8 & 4 fl* *morendo.*

## CHORALE.

*Andante con moto.*

Come, Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, And from Thy ce - les - tial home,

Come, Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, And from Thy ce - les - tial home,

Come, Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, And from Thy ce - les - tial home,

Come, Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, And from Thy ce - les - tial home,

Shed a ray of light Di - vine; Shed a ray of light Di - vine;

Shed a ray of light Di - vine; Shed a ray of light Di - vine;

Shed a ray of light Di - vine; Shed a ray of light Di - vine;

Shed a ray of light Di - vine; Shed a ray of light Di - vine;

*mp*

Come Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come Thou source of all our store,

*mp*

Come Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come Thou source of all our store,

*mp*

Come Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come Thou source of all our store,

*mp*

Come Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come Thou source of all our store,

*mp*

Come Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come Thou source of all our store,

*mf* *dim.*

Come with - in our bos - oms shine, Come with - in our bos - oms shine

*mf* *dim.*

Come with - in our bos - oms shine, Come with - in our bos - oms shine

*mf* *dim.*

Come with - in our bos - oms shine, Come with - in our bos - oms shine

*mf* *dim.*

Come with - in our bos - oms shine, Come with - in our bos - oms shine

*mf* *dim.*

Come with - in our bos - oms shine, Come with - in our bos - oms shine

*Lento.* *rall.*

A - men, A - men.

*f* *rall.*

A - men, A - men.

*f* *rall.*

A - men, A - men.

*f* *rall.*

A - men, A - men.

*f* *Lento.* *rall.*

A - men, A - men.

store,  
store,  
store,  
store,  
shine  
shine  
shine  
shine  
n.  
n.  
n.  
n.  
n.





MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

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